# THE
# Mock Mourners.

A

# SATYR

By way of

# ELEGY

ON

King *WILLIAM.*

---

The Second Edition Corrected.

---

By the Author of

*The True-born* Engliſhman.

---

*London*, Printed 1702.

or Sons

...nd in each track of glory nown :
for thers lowr Country and thaw Prince
Princes Imon that thators roons ...ryary
and lows the nations right to thawr ow
royalty

Thor nthaw moor wdy in distrs then th
hon nthaw moor wdy all now non nbo

Do not take from me all my State
Except ye furnish me with more
Always to bottom never to pay
May be accounted for foul play

Jany the 19. 1766

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# TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

YOUR *Majesty has so often declar'd Your just Concern for the Nations Loss, and Your Value for the Memory of the late King: You have so publickly approv'd his Conduct, so visibly mov'd in the same Steps, and pursu'd the wise Measures of this* Your Glorious Ancestor, *that it cannot be thought displeasing to Your Majesty, to reprehend those who make a Mock at the Sorrow of Your Majesty and Three Nations.*

*Your Majesty was the first who told us* he cou'd not be sufficiently lamented. *May those who are not of the same Mind find no Favour with Your Majesty, nor their Maker, till they repent that Sin against his Merit, and the Voice of their Native Country.*

*Here are no Reflections upon Your Majesties* Houshold, *or* Council, *or* Courts of Justice, *or* either House of Parliament, *and consequently no Offence against Your Royal Proclamation. 'Twou'd be an Affront to Your Majesty to imagine there were any under all those Heads of Your Government cou'd deserve the Reproof of the following* Satyr.

# To the QUEEN.

*Your Majesty has an entire Possession of the Hearts of Your People, but their Affection is still the deeper rooted by that generous Sorrow you have expres'd for the Loss of him to whom they owe the full Possession of their Liberty under Your Government.*

*How they can be faithful Subjects to Your Majesty that were not true Friends to such a King, is a Mystery out of humane Understanding, since the Happiness we enjoy by Your Government proceeds from his defending us against those* who wou'd not have had Your Majesty to Reign over us.

*'Twou'd be a Crime against Your Majesty, which deserv'd no Pardon to suggest you shou'd be offended at that part of the* Satyr *which points at our Immoralities: Your Majesties Example, as well as Command, has encourag'd us all to* declare War *against Vice, and there we are sure of Your Royal Protection.*

*For the rest, if an extraordinary Concern for the Glorious Memory of the late King has led the Author into any Excesses, he begs Your Majesty wou'd place it to the Account of that* just Passion *every honest Man retains for his extraordinary Merit; believing that no Man can have an Indifferency for the Memory of* King William, *and at the same time have any Desire for the Welfare of his Native Country.*

*While Your Majesty pursues the true Interest of* England, *the Protestant Religion, and the Welfare of* Europe, *as he did, you will have the same Enemies that he had, the same to oppose You abroad, and reproach You at home; but You will thereby engage all Your honest Subjects to adhere the firmer to their Duty, all Your Protestant Neighbours to depend upon Your Protection, and God shall Crown Your Majesty and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benediction.*

Amen.

# A SATYR, &c.

SUCH has been this Ill-Natur'd Nations Fate,
Always to see then Friends and Foes too late;
By Native Pride, and want of Temper led,
Never to value Merit till 'tis Dead:
And then Immortal Monuments they raise,
And Damn their Former Follies by their Praise,
With just Reproaches Rail at their own Vice,
And Mourn for those they did before despise:
So they who *Moses* Government defied,
Sincerely sorrow'd for him when he Died.

And ſo when *Brittain*'s Genius fainting lay,
Summon'd by Death, which Monarchs muſt obey:
Trembling, and Soul-leſs half the Nation ſtood,
Upbraided by their own Ingratitude.

They, who with true born Honeſty before,
Grudg'd him the Trophies he ſo juſtly wore,
Were, with his Fate, more than himſelf diſmay'd,
Not for their King, but for themſelves afraid.
He had their Rights and Liberties reſtor'd,
In Battle purchas'd, and by Peace ſecur'd:
And they with *Engliſh* Gratitude began,
To feel the Favour and deſpiſe the Man.
But when they ſaw that his Protection ceas'd,
And Death had their Deliverer poſſeſt;
How Thunder ſtruck they ſtood! What cries they rais'd
They look't like Men Diſtracted and Amaz'd:
Their Terror did their Conſcious Guilt explain,
And wiſh't their injur'd Prince Alive again.

They

They Dream't of Halters, Gibbets and of Jails,
French Armies, Popery and Prince of *Wales*,
Deſcents, Invaſions, Uproars in the State,
Mobs, Iriſh Maſſacres, and God knows what:
Imaginary Enemies appear'd,
And all they knew they Merited, they Fear'd.

'Tis ſtrange that Pride and Envy ſhould prevail,
To make Men's Sence as well as Vertue fail:
That where they muſt depend they ſhould abuſe,
And ſlight the Man they were afraid to looſe.

But *William* had not Govern'd Fourteen Year,
To be an unconcern'd Spectator here:
His Works like Providence were all Compleat,
And made a Harmony we Wonder'd at.
The Legiſlative Power he ſet Free,
And led them ſtep by ſtep to Liberty,
'Twas not his Fault if they cou'd not Agree.

Impartial Juſtice He Protected ſo,
The Laws did in their Native Channels flow,
From whence our ſure Eſtabliſhment begun,
And *William* laid the firſt Foundation Stone:
On which the ſtately Fabrick ſoon appear'd,
How cou'd they ſink when ſuch a Pilot ſteer'd?
He taught them due defences to prepare,
And make their future Peace their preſent care:
By him directed, Wiſely they Decreed,
What Lines ſhou'd be expell'd, and what ſucceed;
That now he's Dead, there's nothing to be done,
But to take up the Scepter he laid down.

The Circle of this Order is ſo round,
So Regular as nothing can confound:
In Truth and Juſtice all the Lines commence,
And Reaſon is the vaſt circumference:
*William*'s the moving Centre of the whole,
'T had elſe a Body been without a Soul.

Fenc't with juſt Laws, impregnable it ſtands,
And will for ever laſt in *Honeſt Hands*,

For Truth and Juſtice are the Immortal Springs,
Give Life to Conſtitutions and to Kings:
In either caſe, if one of theſe decay,
Theſe can no more Command than thoſe obey:
Right is the only Fountain of Command,
The Rock on which Authority muſt ſtand.
And if executive Power ſteps awry,
On either hand it ſplits on Tyranny:
Oppreſſion is a plague on Mankind ſent,
Infects the Vitals of a Government.
Convulſions follow, and ſuch Vapours riſe,
The Conſtitution Suffocates and Dies:
*Law is the Grand Specific to reſtore,*
And unobſtructed, never fails to Cure,
All other Remedies compar'd to that,
*Are Tampering and Quacking with the State.*

The

The Conſtitution's like a vaſt Machine,
That's full of curious Workmanſhip within:
Where tho' the parts unwieldly may appear,
It will be put in Motion with a Hair.
The Wheels are Officers and Magiſtrates,
By which the whole contrivance operates:
Laws are the Weights and Springs which make it move,
Wound up by Kings as Managers above;
Which if they'r ſcrew'd too high or down too low,
The movement goes too faſt or elſe too ſlow.
The Legiſlators are the Engineers,
Who when 'tis out of Order make Repairs:
*The People are the Owners*, 'twas for them,
The firſt Inventor drew the Ancient Scheme.
*'Tis for their Benefit it works*, and they
The Charges of maintaining it defray:
And if their Governours unfaithful prove,
*They, Engineers or Mannagers remove*,

Unkind

Unkind Contention ſometimes there appears,
Between the Managers and Engineers,
Such ſtrife is always to the Owners wrong,
And *once* it made the work ſtand ſtill too long.
Till *William* came and loos'd the Fatal Chain,
And ſet the Engineers to work again:
And having made the wondrous thing compleat,
To *Anne*'s unerring hand he left the Helm of State.

*Anne* like *Eliſha* when juſt *William* went,
Receiv'd the Mantle of his Government:
And by Divine Conceſſion does inherit,
A Double Portion of his Ruling Spirit.
The Dying Hero loaded with Renown,
Gave her the Nations Bleſſing with the Crown,
*From God, the People, and the Laws her own.*
Told her that he had Orders from on High,
To lay aſide the Government and Dye:

What he had Fought for, gave her up in Peace,
And chear'd her Royal Heart with Proſpect of Succeſs.
While he, who Death in all its Shapes had ſeen,
With full Compoſure quiet and ſerene,
Paſſive and undiſorder'd at his Fate,
Quitted the Engliſh Throne without Regret.
No Conſcious Guilt diſturb'd his Royal Breaſt,
Calm as the Regions of Eternal Reſt:
Before his Life went out, his Heaven came in,
For all was bright without and clear within.
The bleſt Rewards did to his ſight appear,
The Paſſage eaſie, and the proſpect near:
His parting Eye the gladſom Regions ſpied,
*Juſt ſo before, his Dear* Maria *Dyed.*

His High concern for *England* he expreſs't,
*England*, the Darling of his Royal Breaſt:
The Tranſports of his parting Soul he ſpent,
Her diſunited Parties to Lament,

His

His Wiſhes then ſupplied his want of Power,
*And Pray'd for them, for whom he Fought before.*

Speak Envy, if thou canſt, inform us what
Cou'd this unthankful Nation Murmur at?
But Diſcontent was always our Diſeaſe,
For *Engliſh-men* what Government can pleaſe.
We always had our Sons of *Belial* here,
Who knew no God nor Government to Fear:
No Wonder theſe diſlik'd his Gentle ſway,
Unwilling Homage to his Scepter Pay,
And only did for want of Power, Obey.

Some ſoft excuſe for them we might contrive,
Had he not been the Gentleſt Prince Alive:
Had he not born with an exalted Mind,
All that was diſobliging and unkind.
Peaceful and Tender Thoughts his Mind poſſeſs't,
And High Superior Love conceal'd the reſt:

Our Diſcontents wou'd oft his Pity move,
But all his Anger was ſuppreſt by Love.
That Heaven-born Paſſion had ſubdu'd his Soul,
Poſſeſs't the greateſt part, and Rul'd the whole:
This made him ſtrive his People to poſſeſs,
Which he had done, had he oblig'd 'em leſs.
He knew that Titles are but empty things,
And Hearts of Subjects are the ſtrength of Kings:
Juſtice and Kindneſs were his conſtant care,
He ſcorn'd to Govern Mankind by their Fear.

Their Univerſal Love he ſtrove to Gain,
'Twas hard that we ſhould make him ſtrive in vain:
That he ſhould here our Engliſh Humours find,
And we, that he had ſav'd, ſhou'd be unkind.
By all endearing ſtratagems he ſtrove,
To draw us by the ſecret ſprings of Love:
And when he could not Cure our Diſcontent,
It always was below him to Reſent.

Nature

Nature was never ſeen in ſuch exceſs,
All Fury when Abroad, at Home all Peace:
In War all Fire and Blood, in Peace enclin'd,
To all that's Sweet, and Gentle, Soft and Kind,
Ingratitude for this, muſt needs Commence,
*In want of Honeſty, or want of Sence.*

When King's to Luxury and Eaſe Reſign'd,
Their Native Countries juſt defence declin'd;
This High pretending Nation us'd to plead,
What they'd perform had they a King to lead.
What Wondrous Actions had by them been done,
When they had Martial Monarchs to lead on?
And if their Prince would but with *France* make War,
What Troops of Engliſh Heroes wou'd appear?

*William* the bottom of their Courage found,
Falſe like themſelves, meer emptineſs and ſound:
For call'd by Fate to Fight for *Chriſtendom*,
They ſent their King abroad, and ſtay'd at Home;

Wiſely declin'd the hazards of the War,
To Nouriſh Faction and Diſorders here.
Wrapt in Luxurious plenty they Debauch,
And load their Active Monarch with Reproach:
They ſtay at Home and teach him to command,
And Judge thoſe Actions which they dare not mend.
Backward in Deeds, but of their Cenſures free,
And blame that Conduct they'r afraid to ſee:
Againſt the hand that ſaves them they exclaim,
And Curſe the ſtrangers, tho' they Fight for them.
Tho' ſome who wou'd excuſe the matter ſay,
*They did not grudge their Service, but their Pay*:

Where are the Royal bands that now advance,
To ſpread his dreadful Banners into *France*.
*Britannia's* Noble Sons her Intereſt fly,
And Foreign Heroes muſt their place ſupply;
*Much for the Fame of our Nobility.*

Poſteri

Posterity will be asham'd to hear,
Great *Britain's* Monarch did in Arms appear,
*And scarce an English Nobleman was there.*
Our Ancestors had never Conquer'd *France*,
*For Kingdoms seldom are subdu'd by Chance*:
Had *Talbott*, *Vere* and *Montacute* with-held,
The Glory, for the danger of the Field.

Had English Honesty been kept alive,
The Ancient English Glory would survive
But Gallantry and Courage will decline,
Where Pride and all Confederate Vices joyn.

Had we kept up the Fame of former Years,
*Landen* had been as Famous as *Poictiers*;
*Ormond* and *Essex* had not Fought alone,
The only English Lords our Verse can own:
The only Peers of whom the World can say,
*That they for Honour Fought, and not for Pay,*

A Regimented *Few* we had indeed,
Who ſerv'd for neither Pride nor Fame, but Bread:
Some Bully L—s, *Protection P—s*, and ſome
Went out, becauſe they durſt not ſtay at Home.
Loaded with Noxious Vices they appear,
A ſcandal to the Nation and the War:
Heroes in Midnight ſcuffles with the Watch,
And Lewd enough an Army to Debauch.
Fleſh't with cold Murthers and from Juſtice fled,
Purſu'd by Blood, in Drink and Darkneſs ſhed:
In vain they ſtrive with Bravery to appear,
*For where there's Guilt, there always will be Fear.*
Theſe are the Pillars of the Engliſh Fame,
Such Peers as Hiſtory muſt bluſh to Name.

When future Records to the World relate,
*Marſaglia*'s Field and Gallant *Schombergs* Fate:
W—— *was Captive made*, it was ſevere,
Fate took the *Honeſt Man*, and left the *Peer*.

The

The World owes Fame for Ages long before,
To the Great ſtile of *W*—— which he bore:
But when we come the branches to compare,
'Tis a *Hero* Anceſtor, a *Bully* Heir:
The Vertues the Poſterity forſake,
And all their Gallant Blood is dwindl'd to a *Rake*.
More might be ſaid, but *Satyr* ſtay thy Rhimes,
And mix not his misfortunes with his Crimes;
We need not Rake the Aſhes of the Dead,
*There's living Characters enough to Read.*

How cou'd this Nation ever think of Peace?
Or how look up to Heaven for Succeſs?
While lawleſs Vice in Fleets and Camps appear'd,
And Oaths were louder than their Cannon heard:
No wonder Engliſh *Iſrael* has been ſaid,
Before the French *Philiſtines* Fleet t' ha' fled.
While *T*—— *Embrac'd with Whores* appear'd,
*And Vice it ſelf the Royal Navy Steer'd.*

*William* oppos'd their Crimes with ſteady hand,
By his Example Firſt, and then Command,
Prompted the Laws their Vices to ſuppreſs,
For which no doubt the Guilty Lov'd him leſs.

Ye Sons of Envy Railers at the Times,
Be bold like Engliſh-Men and own your Crimes:
For ſhame put on no Black, but let us ſee
Your Habits always, and your Tongues agree.
Envy ne'r Bluſhes: Let it not be ſaid,
You Hate him Living and you Mourn him Dead:
No Sorrow ſhow where you no Love profeſs,
*There are no Hypocrites in Wickedneſs.*
Great Bonfires make, and tell the World y' are glad
Y' have loſt the greateſt Bleſſing e're you had:
So Mad-Men ſing in Nakedneſs and Chains,
For when the Senſe is gone, the Song remains.
So Thankleſs *Iſrael*, when they were ſet free,
Reproach't the Author of their Liberty:



And

And wiſht themſelves in *Egypt* back again;
What pity 'twas they wiſht, or wiſht in vain?

Stop Satyr, let *Britannia* now relate
Her *William*'s Character, and her own Fate;
Let her to him a grateful Trophy raiſe,
She beſt can ſigh his Loſs that ſung his Praiſe.

*BRITANNIA.* Mary

Of all my Sons by Tyranny bereft,
A Widow deſolate and Childleſs left,
By Violence and Injury oppreſt,
To Heaven I caſt my Eyes, and ſigh'd the reſt.
I need but ſigh, for I was always heard,
And *William* on my welcome Shores appear'd.
With Wings of ſpeed to reſcue me he came,
And all my Sorrows vaniſht into Flame.
New Joys ſprung up, new Triumphs now abound,
And all my Virgin Daughters hear the ſound:
Eternal Dances move upon my Plains,
And youthful Blood ſprings in my ancient Veins.
With open Arms I yielded my Embrace,
And *William* ſaw the Beauties of my Face.

He had before the knowledge of my Charms,
*For he had my* Maria *in his Arms.*
While he remain'd, I gave eternal Spring,
Made him my Son, my Darling, and my King;
While all the wondring World my Choice approve,
Congratulate his Fate, and juſtifie my Love.

Of *Britiſh* Blood in *Belgian* Plains he liv'd,
My only Foreign Off-ſpring that ſurviv'd.
*Batavian* Climates nouriſht him a while,
Too great a Genius for ſo damp a Soil:
And freely then ſurrendred him to me,
For wiſe Men freely will the Fates obey.
Yet in my *William* they had equal Share,
And he defended them with equal Care.
They were the early Trophies of his Sword,
His Infant Hand their Liberty reſtor'd.
His Nurſe, the Belgick Lion, roar'd for Aid,
And planted early Lawrels on his Head.
His eaſie Victories amaz'd Mankind;
We wonder'd what the dreadful Youth deſign'd.

Fearleſs he Fought his Country to ſet Free,
And with his Sword Cut out their Liberty.
The Journals of his Actions always ſeem'd
So wonderful, as if the World had dream'd:
So ſwift, ſo full of Terror he went on,
He was a Conqueror before a Man.

The *Bourbon* Sword, tho' it was brighter far,
Yet drawn for Conqueſt, and oppreſſive War,
Had all the Triumphs of the World Engroſt,
But quickly all thoſe Triumphs to him loſt.
Juſtice to *William* early Trophies brought;
William *for Truth and Juſtice always fought*;

He was the very Myſtery of War,
He gain'd by't when he was not Conqueror.
And if his Enemies a Battle won,
He might be beaten, they wou'd be undone.
*Antæus* like from every fall he roſe,
Sreng:hen'd with double Vigor to oppoſe;
Thoſe Actions Mankind judg'd Unfortunate,
Serv'd but as ſecret Steps to make him Great.

Then let them boaſt their Glory at *Landen*,
In vain th' Embattl'd Squadrons crowded in,
Their's was the Victory, the Conqueſt mine.

Of all the Heroes, Ages paſt adore,
Back to the firſt Great Man, and long before;
Tho' Virtue has ſometimes with Valour join'd,
The Barren World no Parallel can find.

If back to *Iſrael*'s Tents I ſhou'd retire,
And of the *Hebrew* Heroes there enquire,
I find no Hand did *Judah*'s Scepter wear,
Comes up to *William*'s Modern Character.
*Namure*'s Gygantick Towers he o'erthrew;
*David* did leſs when he *Goliah* ſlew.
Here's no *Uriah*'s for Adult'ry ſlain,
Nor Oaths forgot to faithful *Jonathan*.
And if to *Jeſſe*'s Grandſon we ha' recourſe,
*William* his Wiſdom had *without his Whores*.

*Joſhua* might ſtill ha' ſtaid on *Jordan*'s Shore,
Muſt he, as *William* did the *Boyne*, paſs o'er.

Almighty

Almighty Power was forc'd to interpoſe,
And frighted both the Water and his Foes:
But had my *William* been to paſs that Stream,
God needed not to part the Waves for him.
Not Forty Thouſand *Canaanites* cou'd ſtand,
In ſpight of Waves or *Canaanites* he'd land:
Such Streams ne'er ſtemm'd his Tide of Victory;
No, not the Stream; no, nor the Enemy.

His Bombs and Cannon wou'd ha' made the Wall,
Without the Help of Jewiſh Rams-Horns, fall.
When his dear *Iſrael* from their Foes had fled,
Becauſe of ſtoln Spoils by *Achan* hid:
He'd ne'er, like *Joſhua*, on the Ground ha' laid,
He'd certainly ha' fought as well as pray'd.

The Sun would rather ha' been thought to ſtay,
Amaz'd to ſee how ſoon he had won the Day,
Than to give time the *Canaanites* to ſlay.

The greateſt Captains of the Ages paſt,
Debauch'd their Fame with Cruelty at laſt:

*William* did only Tyrants ſubdue;
Theſe conquer'd Kings, and then the People too:
The Subjects reap'd no Profit for their Pains,
And only chang'd their Maſters, not their Chains;
Their Victories did for themſelves appear,
And made their Peace as dreadful as the War:
But *William* fought Oppreſſion to deſtroy,
That Mankind might in Peace the World enjoy.

The *Pompeys*, *Cæſars*, *Scipio's*, *Alexanders*,
Who croud the World with Fame, were great Commanders:
Theſe too brought Blood and Ruin with their Arms,
But *William* always fought on other Terms:
Terror indeed might in his Front appear,
But Peace and Plenty follow'd in his Rear:
And if Oppreſſion forc'd him to contend,
Calmneſs was all his Temper, Peace his End:
He was the only Man we e'er ſaw fit
To regulate the World, or conquer it.

Who can his Skill in Government Gainſay,
He that cou'd *England*'s brittle Scepter ſway,
Where Parties too much rule, and King's obey?
He always reign'd by Gentleneſs and Love,
An Emblem of the Government above.

Vote me not Childleſs then in Chriſtendom,
I yet have Sons in my ſuſpended Womb;
And 'till juſt Fate ſuch due Proviſion makes,
A Daughter my Protection undertakes.
Crowns know no Sexes, and my Government
To either Kind admits a juſt Deſcent.
Queens have to me been always fortunate,
E'er ſince my *Engliſh Phœnix* rul'd the State;
Who made my People rich, my Country great.

Satyr be juſt, and when we laſh their Crimes,
Mingle ſome Tears for *William* with our Rhimes,
Tho' Baſeneſs and Ingratitude appear,
Thank Heaven that we ha' weeping Millions here:
Then ſpeak our hearty Sorrows if you can,
Superior Grief in feeling Words explain:

Accents

Accents that wound, and all the Senſes numb,
And while they ſpeak may ſtrike the Hearer dumb:
Such Grief as never was for King before,
And ſuch as never, never ſhall be more.

See how Authority comes weeping on,
And view the Queen lamenting on his Throne.
With juſt Regret ſhe takes the Sword of State,
Not by her Choice directed, but his Fate;
Accepts the ſad Neceſſity with Tears,
And mournfully for Government prepares.
The Peoples Acclamations ſhe receives
With ſadden'd Joy, and a Content that grieves.

View next the ſad Aſſemblies that appear,
To tell their Grief for Him, and Joy for Her.
The firſt confounds the laſt with ſuch Exceſs,
They hardly can their noble Thoughts expreſs.
The illuſtrious Troop addreſs her to condole,
And ſpeak ſuch Grief as wounds her to the Soul:
They lodge their Sorrows in the Royal Breaſt;
*The Harbour where the Nation looks for Reſt.*

Next theſe, the Repreſentatives ariſe,
With all the Nation's Sorrow in their Eyes.
The Epithets they righteouſly apply
To the Reſtorer of their Liberty,
Are Tokens of their Sence and Honeſty.
*For as a Body we were always true,*
*But 'tis our Parties that our Peace undo.*
Who can like them the Peoples Grief expreſs?
They ſhew her all the Tokens of Exceſs:
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, and ſuppreſt with Care,
They place the Nation's Refuge now in her:
Nothing but her Succeſſion cou'd abate
The Nation's Sorrow for their Monarch's Fate:
And nothing but his Fate cou'd their true Joy
For her Succeſſion leſſen or deſtroy.

The Civil Sword to her, as Heaven ſaw fit,
With general Satisfaction they commit:
How can it in a Hand like hers miſcarry?
But who ſhall for us weild the Military?

Who ſhall the jarring Generals unite;
Firſt teach them to agree, and then to fight?
Who ſhall renew'd Alliances contrive,
And keep the vaſt Confederacies alive?
Who ſhall the growing Gallick Force ſubdue?
'Twas more than all the World, but him, cou'd do.

Sighs for departed Friends are ſenſleſs things,
But 'tis not ſo when Nations mourn for Kings:
VVhen wounded Kingdoms ſuch a Loſs complain,
As Nature never can repair again;
The Tyrant Grief, like Love, obeys no Laws,
But blindly views the Effect, and not the Cauſe.

Dark are the VVorks of Sovereign Providence,
And often claſh with our contracted Sence:
But if we might with Heavens Decrees debate,
And of our Maker's VVorks expoſtulate,
VVhy ſhou'd he form a Mind ſupreamly great,
And to his Charge commit the Reins of Fate,
And at one haſty Blow the VVorld defeat?
A Blow ſo ſudden, ſo ſevere and ſwift,
VVe had no time for Supplication left:

As

As if Almighty Power had been afraid,
Such Prayers wou'd by ſuch Multitudes be made;
Such *Moſes*'s wou'd to his Altars go,
To whom he never did, or wou'd ſay no;
He hardly cou'd know how to ſtrike the Blow.

For Prayer ſo much the Soveraign Power commands,
Ev'n God himſelf ſometimes as conquer'd ſtands,
And calls for Quarter at the VVreſtler's Hands.

How Strenuous then had been the Sacred Strife,
VVhile all the kneeling VVorld had begg'd his Life,
VVith all that Earneſtneſs of Zeal, and more
Than ever Nation begg'd for King before?
See how the neighbouring Lands his Fame improve,
And by their Sorrows teſtifie their Love;
Sprinkle his Memory with grateful Tears,
And hand his Glory to ſucceeding Years.

VVith what Contempt will *Engliſh* Men appear,
VVhen future Ages read his Character?

They'll never bear to hear in time to come,
How he was lov'd abroad, and ſcorn'd at home.
The VVorld will ſcarce believe it cou'd be true,
And Vengeance muſt ſuch Inſolence purſue.
Our Nation will by all Men be abhorr'd,
And *William*'s juſter Fame be ſo reſtor'd.

Poſterity, when Hiſtories relate
His Glorious Deeds, will ask, *What Giant's that?*
For common Vertues may Mens Fame advance,
*But an immoderate Glory turns Romance.*
Its real Merit does it ſelf undo,
Men talk it up ſo high, it can't be true:
So *William*'s Life, encreas'd by doubling Fame,
VVill drown his Actions to preſerve his Name.
The Annals of his Conduct they'll reviſe,
As Legends of Impoſſibilities.
'Twill all a Life of Miracles appear,
Too great for Him to do, or Them to hear.
And if ſome faithful VVriter ſhou'd ſet down
*With what Uneaſineſs he wore the Crown*;

What thankleſs Devil had the Land poſſeſt;
This will be more prodigious than the reſt.
With Indignation 'twill their Minds inſpire,
And raiſe the Glory of his Actions higher.
The Records of their Fathers they'll Deface,
And bluſh to think they ſprung from ſuch a Race.
They'll be aſham'd their Anceſtors to own,
And ſtrive their Father's Follies to atone.
New Monuments of Gratitude they'll raiſe,
And Crown his Memory with Thanks and Praiſe.

Thou, Satyr, ſhalt the grateful Few rehearſe,
And ſolve the Nation's Credit in thy Verſe;
Embalm his Name with Characters of Praiſe,
His Fame's beyond the Power of Time to raſe.

From him let future Monarchs learn to Rule,
And make his laſting Character their School.
For he who wou'd in time to come be Great,
*Has nothing now to do but imitate.*
Let dying Parents when they come to bleſs,
Wiſh to their Children only his Succeſs.

Here their Inſtructions very well may end,
*William*'s Example only recommend,
And leave the Youth his Hiſtory t'attend.

But we have here an Ignominious Croud,
That boaſt their Native Birth and Engliſh Blood,
Whoſe Breaſts with Envy and Contention burn,
And now rejoice when all the Nations mourn:
Their awkward Triumphs openly they Sing;
Inſult the Aſhes of their injur'd King;
Rejoice at the Diſaſters of his Crown;
*And Drink the Horſe's Health that threw him down.*

Bluſh, Satyr, when ſuch Crimes we muſt reveal,
And draw a ſilent Curtain to conceal.
Actions ſo vile ſhall ne'er debauch our Song;
*Let Heaven alone*, tho' Juſtice ſuffers long.
Her Leaden Wings, and Iron Hands, may ſhow
That ſhe is certain, tho' ſhe may be ſlow.
His Foreign Birth was made the Fam'd Pretence,
Which gave our Home-Born Engliſhmen Offence.
B t Diſcontent's the antient Engliſh Faſhion,
The Univerſal Blemiſh of the Nation.

And 'tis a Queſtion, whether God cou'd make
That King whom every Engliſhman wou'd *like?*
Nor is it any Paradox to ſay,
William *had more of Engliſh Blood than they*;
The *Royal Life* flow'd in his ſprightly Veins,
The ſame that in the *Noble Stock* remains;
The ſame which now his Glorious Scepter weilds,
To whom Three Nations juſt Obedience yeilds.

*ANNE*, the remaining Glory of our Iſle,
Well ſhe becomes the Royal Engliſh Stile:
In *William*'s Steps ſedately ſhe proceeds,
William's *a Patern to immortal Deeds.*
Preſerves his Memory with generous Care;
*Forgetting him is Diſobliging her*;
Where ſhall the murmuring Party then appear!
Where wou'd the Nation, but for her, ha' found
So ſafe a Cure for ſuch a ſudden Wound?
And cou'd ſhe but as well the Camp ſupply,
The World the ſooner wou'd their grief lay by;
But there the Fatal Breach is made ſo wide,
That Loſs can never, never be -----ſupply'd.

Ye Men of Arms, and Engliſh Sons of War,
*Now learn from him how you may Fight for her* ;
Your Grief for him expreſs upon her Foes,
*For* William *lov'd ſuch Funeral Tears as thoſe.*

'Tis *William*'s Glorious Scepter which ſhe bears,
Like *William* ſhe for Liberty appears.
She Mounts to Honour by the Steps of Truth,
And his Example Imitates in Both.
'Tis you muſt make her blooming Fame Increaſe,
'Tis you muſt bring her Honour, Wealth and Peace :
And let it once more to the World be ſeen,
*Nothing can make us Greater than a Queen.*

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F I N I S.